THE

LADY'S
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SEPTEMBER, 1809.

MARCHIONESS OF TAVISTOCK.

ANNA MARIA STANHOPE, daughter to the Earl of Harrington, was born September 3, 1783, and married to Francis Marquis of Tavistock, eldest son of the present Duke of Bedford, in 1808.

The education of this elegant and accomplished young peeress has been conducted with such amiable privacy, that the public notice has not yet been attracted to an object so worthy of general admiration; her marriage with the Marquis of Tavistock having placed her in a more conspicuous point of view, all who have had opportunity of observing her, are unanimous in paying a just tribute of praise to the excellence of her disposition, fascination of manner, and superior loveliness of person. The marchioness has recently given birth to a son.

MARCHIONESS OF EXETER.

THIS lady, of whom a portrait was given in our last, was the amiable relict of Douglas, eighth Duke of Hamilton, and daughter of the late Peter Burrill, Esq. She was married secondly, to Henry Cecil, Marquis and Earl of Exeter, August 19, 1800. The marquis died May 1, 1804, and was succeeded by Brownlow Cecil, the present marquis, his lordship's son by a former wife.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. XV.

AMONG the growing evils of which society has cause to complain, I consider the subject of the following letter one of the most important. It certainly is not in the power of any individual to correct abuses which steal on the public, in the form of pleasing recreation, nor would I arrogantly attempt to take upon myself that authority; I shall therefore content myself with pointing out to those parents, who are not deaf to the voice of reason, how much their own vanity and improper indulgence tends to aggravate the ills, which they may hereafter complain of.

TO THE BUSY BODY.

MADAM,

I TRUST you will excuse the liberty I take, in thus obtruding myself upon your notice. It is not to solicit advice that I presume to trouble you, but merely in the hope that, by your making this letter public in one of your papers, my misguided child may see it, and be recalled to the arms of her afflicted and ever indulgent parent. I must inform you, madam, that I am the widow of an officer, who left me in easy circumstances, and consequently enabled to keep up a genteel acquaintance, and educate my daughter in a manner congenial to my wishes; I accordingly sent Emily to an eminent boarding-school, where she was instructed in every polite accomplishment; but not acquiring sufficient proficiency, I, by the advice of some fashionable friends, had her home, and engaged masters to attend her. Emily seemed more partial to dancing than any other acquisition, and as her figure was extremely good, she was flattered by the praises of all who beheld her. I cannot deny that I took great pleasure in hearing her thus extolled, and spared no expence in indulging her, whenever she wished to attend at a public assembly. She soon after this

expressed a desire to join a party of young friends who had engaged a private theatre; and, as I was too fond of hearing her applauded, I gave my consent. I was, however, greatly surprised at the confidence with which she exhibited her person before a numerous, though select audience; and, shocked by the insinuations of a relation, who has many old-fashioned prejudices, would have restrained her from a repetition of this indecorous exhibition; unfortunately, however, the next day's paper contained the account of a popular dancer's being married to a man of rank and fortune; two actresses had also been recently elevated to the peerage, and the stage now appeared the step-ladder to nobility. The head of Emily turned giddy with the prospect: why should not she be equally fortunate; her master protested she danced as well as Miss S———, and her looking-glass assured her that she was full as handsome. Nothing would now serve her but the stage, and I was prevailed upon by tears and entreaties to make application to the managers; I did so, but was unsuccessful. Emily might appear as a figurante, but that was not a proposal to her taste; and I imagined she had relinquished the idea, especially as my relation assured me that, if I permitted her to become a stage-dancer, he would never more countenance or assist us; and, I must own, that the expences she had drawn me into had greatly shrunk my finances; I therefore remonstrated seriously with her on the subject, but it was all in vain. The infatuation had seized her too strongly to be overcome, and the result is, that she has eloped from me with the vile wretch, who was engaged to instruct her; and, under a fictitious name, has joined an itinerant band of comedians, where, I fear, ruin and shame will overtake her. I know not where to address her, and have therefore availed myself of your paper, which may perhaps meet her eye, and be the means of letting her know that, if she persists in her present line of life, she will bring ruin and misery on her distressed mother. But to you, madam, I leave it, to give her such

advice as may best effect the desired end, and if through your kind interposition I should be so happy as to reclaim my erring child, I shall ever acknowledge myself your grateful debtor,

MARGERY MIST.

Gladly would I undertake the task, were it likely to be attended with the smallest degree of success; but, in the present case, I fear the mischief is irremediable. If Emily is deaf to the voice of nature and of gratitude, it is not likely that she will attend to the remonstrance of an unknown.—The female, who can voluntarily step beyond the bounds of modesty, and exhibit her person to a multitude of gazers, can have little sensibility left. The bloom of youthful innocence is chased from her cheek by dissipation and intemperance; all the refinements of delicacy are banished by corrupt association, and while a licentious audience applaud every contortion of the female figure, which puts decency to the blush, what virtue can be expected in a stage-dancer. The man of fashion may admire, but the man of principle must abhor.

How culpable then is the mother, who can prepare her child for a life like this. It is true, that at the outset, dancing is looked upon as a salutary exercise and pleasing diversion; but how progressively does it steal upon the inclination, and fascinate the senses, till it becomes a ruling passion. Every auxiliary is a host of danger and temptation—dress, music, company—all these are indispensible; they cherish vanity and promote extravagance. Dancing is not a solitary enjoyment; it will not contribute to the invalid an hour's solace; it delights not age; it instructs not youth; nor can it ameliorate the sufferings of indigence. What, then, are the advantages to be expected from the attainment of this elegant acccomplishment? A graceful deportment. Blush! ye vain inconsiderate parents, who make this a plea for corrupting the hearts of your offspring, by giving in to a fashion so pernicious and absurd.

I will conclude with an observation of an admired author, which is not inapplicable to the present subject:—"It is certain that our young gentry are taught to make a more elegant bow (or curtsey), that they are taught to conduct themselves more politely, and to say a number of pretty things, for which, if I had my will, they should be heartily whipped. It is certain they take more readily on them to speak, to ask questions, to interrupt grown persons in their discourse, and to be troubleseme to every body they come near: all this, it is said, tends to form them. I grant it forms them to be very *impertinent*; and, of all the things they learn by these means, this is the only one they never forget."

COMPLAINT;

ON THE DEATH OF SOPHIA.

"Vain hope—the irrevocable doom is past,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last."

AS the sweet bud of a rose gradually opens itself to the fostering rays of heat and light, thus Sophia modestly unfolded her beauty beneath the lovely shades of ease, health, and happiness. Nature could not have presented the hand of the artist with a more perfect model for its imitation, nor the feeling heart with features more exquisitely and divinely expressive of all that is good, innocent, and gentle.

Though yet very young, Sophia had attained the growth of a maturer age; and her mind, elegantly informed, soon outstepped the narrow limits of youth, and soared far above the common trifles of female education. Never did innocence bloom on a richer soil than on Sophia's heart; never did kind benevolence speak a meeker language; never did generous sympathy heave a bosom with tenderer

tenderer sighs, or melt a soul in sweeter tears, than those that Sophia shed on the wretched and miserable.

But, alas! those eyes, once so bright, are now almost sunk into darkness; that tongue, once so soft, is parched and stiff; and those lately blooming checks, hollow and pale. Under a worn out breast, that heart, half benumbed, hardly beats; and that blood, once the unsullied spring of health and life, now dark and coagulated, moves but slowly, and by intervals, through those shrivelled veins. Consumption —haggard and baneful consumption—has, within six months, wasted away and broken down that elegant and noble structure, which, during sixteen years, tender nature reared and fostered with such attentive care.

Yet, though almost fallen to the ground, that beautiful flower is not entirely faded. Though lilies and roses have flown before the dire tempest, some of their sweet leaves still remain scattered on that adorable countenance. At the sight of that suffering angel, even death seems to have been moved with pity: the untimely dissolution "of that heaven laboured form," is neither marked by pangs, struggles, nor agonies: Sophia's spirit gently rises to heaven, whilst her body slowly sinks into the tomb. Alas! it has reached the bottom of it; poor Sophia is dead.—Oh, nature! weep; and thou queen of the fair, oh, sweet Albion, mourn!

Oh, death! whose merciless scythe equally mows down the sweet flower that adorns our gardens, and the poisonous weed that disgraces our fields; thou art an odious blot on the fair bosom of human creation. Oh, cruel death! wherever thy swiftly-winged skeleton stirs his dreaded flight, suffering nature groans, afflicted humanity mourns; blasted life sees her noblest blossoms wither, and her dearest fruits drop, and the only remaining soother of our woes, sweet and tender hope, languishes and dies. Oh, relentless tyrant! if yet, after having broken and torn, for ever, every tie by which human souls are on earth, as it were, sympathetically interwoven, thou didst leave their

bodily frames unbroken; if yet, it was permitted to us to foster and cherish in those earthly temples, the dear remembrance of the lovely spirits, that once inhabited and animated them; but, no! even the depth of the deepest grave cannot shelter thy victims; even there dire corruption gnaws the delicate flesh, and moulders away the polished bone: thus, not a particle of our dust escapes thy destructive touch; and thou dost ingulph the dearest objects of our affections in a bottomless abyss, not only unfathomable to our sight, but even inaccessible to our thoughts.

Sweet, but deceitful, was the dawn of Sophia's short existence. It rose in the splendor of prospects, that were soon to be blasted; of hopes, that were soon to vanish. The ground on which she trod, like that of all earthly joy, was tottering; it was undermined by woe to its very surface, at the slightest touch it gave way, and she was no more.

Oh, beloved and lamented Sophia! I have seen the grave to which thou hast been carried, into which thou hast been laid; on the fresh mould that surrounded it I have seen the impure worm writhing itself with horrid eagerness, as if conscious of an approaching prey; I have seen thy coffin hanging over, and slowing descending into its gloomy abyss; I have heard the hollow sound of the heavy stone, that for ever shut thy sepulchral mansion; and the dire remembrance still shakes my soul with the agony of the deepest grief; and language fails to describe the feelings of my sorrow. But, thy grave, oh, sweet Sophia! will speak: it will say, that she whom death so untimely precipitated into its subterraneous shades, so barbarously snatched from the adoring sight of men, was all that nature had created of most elegant and beautiful in form, of most innocent and generous in disposition. Thy grave shall speak, oh, Sophia! and the feeling passenger, struck with the awful and melancholy sound, shall softly

tread and bitterly weep on the hallowed ground that covers the sacred dust of thy noble ruins: while his heart, indignant and disgusted with this earth, fallen and degraded, where innocence suffers and beauty perishes, shall, with renovated faith, cast a look of grateful and consoling hope towards that ever just and merciful heaven, where, at last, freed from trials, struggles, and miseries, human virtue triumphant, will

"Meet recompence in bliss that never dies."

Oh, earthly grandeur, riches, and power, how dim and faint is all your splendour and lustre, when seen through the gloomy shade of a cypress.—Oh, world! vain and despicable world! how all thy pomp, and thy noise, and thy bustle, sounds dull and paltry to the ear, when it re-echoes to our heart from the tomb-stone of a dear, beloved, departed friend!

N. FRAISINET.

ANECDOTE.

In the year 1760, Breslaw, a town in Prussian Silesia, was besieged by 30,000 Austrians, under the command of the celebrated Laudohn. The Prussian General Tauentzien, with only 3000 men, successfully defended the place. Laudohn, impatient at his obstinacy, declared to the Prussian general, that if he compelled him to storm the town, "he would not even spare the infant in the womb." To this barbarous summons Tauentzien humorously replied, "I am not with child, neither are any of my soldiers; I shall then hold out as long as I can."

HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from page 75.)

AS the singular train of events which had occurred in Glasgow, had retarded my stay in that city far beyond the allotted time, I determined, instead of prosecuting my journey northwards, to visit a friend and relation who resided at Kirkcudbright, a sea-port town in the most southern part of Scotland, on the confines of the beautiful river Dee. With this relation I had not only kept up a regular epistolary correspondence, but had constantly enjoyed his society every spring; for as his mercantile concerns induced him, at that period of the year, to visit London, a few months only had elapsed since I had seen him. This gentleman, whose name was Maxwell, had begun the world under unfavourable omens; for his father having sprung from a good family, considered it would degrade that family to put any of his children either to a trade or profession; and, having actually lived up to the full extent of his income, left a large family almost pennyless, except his eldest son.

William, the one alluded to, at the death of his father, had just completed his nineteenth year, and, with a propriety of thinking that would have done honour to a more advanced period, foresaw that the mercantile line presented the most likely means of becoming an independent man, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his elder brother, entered into an engagement for three years with a respectable merchant. During the time of clerkship, he applied with such unwearied assiduity, that, at its expiration, his master offered him a salary beyond his expectations; and, when eight and twenty, took him into partnership without any premium.

From that period to the time I last saw him in London, he had been what might be termed fortune's favourite; blest in the affections of an amiable wife, receiving respect from his children, and success crowning all his undertakings. His eldest son, a youth of eighteen, had made choice of the army, and had conducted himself with honour in a very spirited engagement; and, when I parted from my relation, he had just received a letter from him, containing the pleasing intelligence that the regiment was returning to England. Delighted with the idea of seeing this youthful Hector, as well as his parents, I resolved, as I before observed, to direct my course towards Kirkcudbright, determining not to disclose my intention, but to give my friend an agreeable surprise.

I entered the town just as the sun was declining, on one of the most beautifully calm evenings that ever was seen, and never shall I forget the effect produced upon my mind, by observing the departing rays of that glorious luminary, faintly gilding the sails of a variety of ships. I checked my horse, and sat in silent meditation, when my ears were suddenly ravished with the distant sound of martial music; I remained transfixed to the spot for some moments, until my attention was recalled by seeing a number of people passing my horse, exclaiming, as they ran by, "The funeral is coming; God Almighty support his unfortunate parents!" I slowly followed the moving throng, and perceived the mournful cavalcade approaching, with those sensations which sympathy naturally inspires; for a military funeral, since the days of childhood, I never was able to behold without tears. The gazing multitude formed two lines, through which the soldiers passed, preceded by a band of music, playing the Dead March, followed by the bier, which supported the body of a being once animated with sensations like those, which at that moment I experienced. The melancholy procession proceeded slowly by me: but, Great God! what were my sensations, when the group of mourners appeared, and, in the chief one, I re-

traced the person of the man to whom I was going to pay a social visit.

I sprang from my horse by an instinctive movement, and giving him into the charge of my servant, I rushed towards an undertaker's man, who was walking by the soldiers, and said, "For mercy, my friend, lend me your cloak and hat!" The man, I have no doubt, believed me a maniac; but, in a few words, I explained the relationship I bore the ill-fated Mr. Maxwell, when the kind-hearted fellow instantly complied with my request. The procession had been impeded a few minutes by the breaking down of a heavy loaded waggon, which circumstance gave me an opportunity of joining the unhappy father. I silently gazed upon him for some moments, and observing his whole frame shook, I approached him with a kind of religious homage, just as the cavalcade began again to move.

"Sustain yourself on my arm, dearest Maxwell!" said I, in a voice almost suffocated with grief, at the same time tenderly drawing his trembling hand under my sable cloak. He raised his head, and fixed his eyes upon me. Great God! what an expression of anguish was conveyed in that look: it spoke volumes to my heart. I was actually obliged to support him, or I am certain he would have fallen before we reached the church. Whilst the body was lowering into its last sad receptacle, it was with difficulty I could restrain him from throwing himself upon it: groans of the keenest anguish burst from his labouring bosom, and at length he fell senseless into my arms. The friends and relations who had accompanied the disconsolate father, gazed upon me with a mixture of fear and astonishment; for, being total strangers to my person, I am convinced they considered my conduct as a mark of derangement. I assisted them, however, in bearing the senseless form of my friend from the spot which entombed his happiness; but there a new scene of sympathy and sorrow presented itself: for the ill-fated mother's grief was even more affectingly impressive than that of her wretched husband.

When we entered the room, she was kneeling before a picture of our crucified Redeemer; and, I conclude, imploring him to endow her with resignation. She hastily arose, threw her arms round the neck of her husband, who had regained a greater degree of composure, and, in a mournful accent, repeated, "All is now over!"

"No, my Charlotte," replied my friend, "all is not over; we have the hard lesson of resignation to learn; and, as pious Job observed, we have received good from the hand of heaven, and we must expect our share of evil."—"From your affection I have hitherto derived my greatest portion of earthly felicity," replied Mrs. Maxwell; "and from your example, my dearest William, I hope to acquire resignation." The friends and relations, who had assembled for the purpose of paying the last sad tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased, shortly took leave of the unhappy family, when the mistress of it retired to her chamber.

In vain I endeavoured to turn the conversation into a different channel; every observation which I made, seemed only to recal the image of his son; finding which, I inquired by what disorder he had the misfortune of losing such a promising young man.

"By the disorder of the passions!" he exclaimed, in an emphatic tone of voice: "Yet the dear victim of ungovernable desires was as pure and spotless as a lamb. You know not then, I perceive, the accumulated misery I have suffered; but I will tell you the whole to-morrow morning."—"No, my dear Maxwell," I replied, "do not attempt to add to the poignancy of your present feelings, by relating circumstances which will only open the streams of sorrow; and which, for the sake of your wife and family, it will be necessary that you should endeavour to bury in oblivion."

"You are a good fellow; and, what is more, a feeling-hearted one," rejoined my relation; but it is a mistaken idea which you have imbibed, if you imagine that, by con-

fining our sorrows to our own bosoms, we are able to check their force: on the contrary, grief may be compared to pent up water, which, when suffered to escape the boundary which confined it, rushes out with impetuous force; whereas, had a slight drain been attached to it, instead of overflowing, it would have meandered in a quiet stream."

Though I felt the force of poor Maxwell's simile, I did not encourage him to proceed with his melancholy narration; however, the next morning, after breakfast, he invited me to accompany him to a favourite haunt, which proved to be a secluded arbour, at the termination of a large field, which adjoined his house. The situation of this arbour was not only beautiful, but picturesque; it was formed by a clump of large trees, or rather the branches of them, which grew upon an elevated piece of ground; round the body of the trees the woodbine was entwined with jessamine, and rendered the air fragrant by the sweetness of its perfume.

"This was the favourite spot to which my dear lost son used to retire, either to pursue his studies, or draw plans of fortification," said the dejected Maxwell, in a melancholy tone. To this observation I made some common-place answer; but perceiving the big drops of paternal tenderness flow rapidly down his manly cheeks, I endeavoured to direct the conversation into a different channel.

"I have promised," rejoined my friend, in rather an impatient accent, "to describe to you the cause of my dear Frederick's death; but that is not all, for the honour of my family has been wounded, and my Matilda's peace of mind destroyed. When we last met," continued Mr. Maxwell, "you must recollect my having informed you I was at once the happiest, and most fortunate of men: but what a devastation in that happiness have a few revolving months produced? At the time I allude to, if you remember, the regiment to which my son belonged was hourly expected to return to England; and with the major of it my poor Frederick had unhappily formed a strong attachment, and in-

vited him to accompany him to Kirkcudbright; and, as Major D——'s family were at that time all in Ireland, the invitation was readily accepted. My Matilda, I must inform you, is, without a parent's partiality, one of the loveliest girls nature ever formed; and, about two months previous to her brother's return from the continent, had received honourable proposals of marriage from a man of large fortune. This gentleman, it is true, is fifteen years older than my daughter, but extremely handsome, and perfectly well-bred; and as my girl is only seventeen, the disparity was by no means an objection, as I conceived it would be the means of inducing her to be directed by his judgment. In point of fortune, it was evidently a match truly desirable; but I implored my girl to closely examine the situation of her heart, and, if she felt a preference for any other person, candidly to reject the proposals. She, however, informed me, that of all men she had ever associated with, Mr. Rogers was the one with whom she should wish to pass her life; every thing therefore was finally settled, and it was agreed the wedding should take place in the course of a few weeks.

Preparations were accordingly made for the celebration of their nuptials, when Mr. Rogers received a letter from the West Indies, informing him of the death of a near relation, who had bequeathed him a large estate. Either to dispose of, or place this estate in the hands of proper persons, it became necessary for Mr. Rogers to undertake a voyage, and though he wished the ceremony to take place previous to his departure, yet, in an evil hour, I objected to it; my wife likewise thought it would be more prudent to defer it, until my intended son-in-law's return. On the evening of the day in which that amiable man took leave of us, my son, accompanied by the insidious Major D——, arrived: and though Matilda's spirits had been very much depressed at parting from her destined husband, yet the sight of her brother restored them to their accustomed height.

Major D——— is about five years older than Frederick, and of course much younger than Mr. Rogers, and to a beautiful, though rather effeminate set of features, is united the most soft and insinuating address. From the moment of his arrival, I observed that Matilda's charms had pleased him; but, to prevent him from paying her more than common civility, I took an early opportunity of mentioning my daughter's contracted engagement. Thinking that my dear girl appeared pleased with his assiduities, I intreated my son to impress the sacredness of the bond, which his sister had entered into with Mr. Rogers, upon the mind of his friend; and even went so far as to say, that I should be under the necessity of disregarding the ties of hospitality, unless Major D——— totally altered his mode of conduct.

On the day after that in which I had expressed myself to Frederick, the insidious Major D——— took an opportunity of expressing his concern that any part of his behaviour should have excited my displeasure.—"Had your daughter been disengaged, sir," said he, "and my fortune been princely, I should have been proud, had you permitted me, to lay it at her feet; but, after what Frederick has told me, I should think myself a villain, was I to attempt inspiring her with a mutual regard. My honour, Mr. Maxwell, is dearer to me than my existence; and I intreat you never to believe me capable of abusing the confidence you have reposed in me; for, rather than attempt to seduce your daughter's affections, or endeavour to lessen that esteem she feels for her destined husband, I would banish myself to the most distant part of the universe, and in silence deplore the misery of my fate: but viewing the too lovely Matilda as a married woman, I admire her attractions, without aspiring to their possession: in short, I should as soon think of expressing a passion for my sister, as I should of breathing a word of tenderness to a female, I knew to be engaged."

Completely imposed upon by this artful declaration, I

considered my Matilda as secure in that depraved man's society, as she would have been in her brother's; notwithstanding which, I cautioned the artless creature against those artifices which mankind are too apt to practise.

The first packet which arrived from the West Indies, brought letters from the worthy Rogers, filled with expressions of tenderness, and lamenting that his relation's affairs were in an embarrassed state; a circumstance which he regretted, from finding it would prevent his return to England in less than six months.

My Matilda, whose ingenuous feelings could always be read in her countenance, I thought, perused this epistle with evident marks of pleasure; and though I had no opportunity of censuring either her conduct, or that of the major's, I could not avoid wishing he had remained upon the continent. "Not to tire your patience, my dear friend," continued the afflicted Maxwell, "by a relation of the various little circumstances which induced me to form that wish, I will hasten to the termination of my melancholy story, before you are completely tired.

"Matilda, you must know, is an excellent horse-woman, and peculiarly fond of that exercise; and, in company with her brother and the major, generally rode for a couple of hours every evening. A fortnight has scarcely elapsed, since they enjoyed that recreation for the last time; they had proceeded about three miles from Kirkcudbright, when Frederick, putting his hand into his pocket, found a letter I had given him to put into the post. Mortified and vexed at having forgotten a commission with which I had given him a particular charge, he proposed the trio's immediately returning; to which the major strongly objected, advising him to put the letter into the post, and then join them at a certain spot upon the banks of the Dee.

My unsuspicious boy unhesitatingly complied with the proposal, without reflecting that the evening was rapidly closing; but scarcely had he departed, when the insidious major asked my Matilda whether she had ever seen an ex-

cavated cavern in the neighbourhood; and being answered in the negative, intreated her to accompany him thither. The thoughtless girl complied with his wishes; yet, before they reached the spot, they were overtaken by a violent storm, which raged with unabating fury until twelve o'clock.

"My child, it is true, escaped the lightning's blast, by taking shelter in that cavern; but, alas! her reputation was irretrievably blasted; for the vile wretch who had inveighled her there, boasted, to some young men with whom he had formed an acquaintance at Kirkcudbright that he had been inclosed with her in that subterraneous mansion greater part of the night; and made this assertion in a tone of voice which conveyed a meaning, too horrible for me to attempt describing.

"My situation, during that fatal evening, may be imagined, but can never be described. My beloved Frederick having put the letter into the office, hastened back to the spot his insidious friend had appointed, in spite of the vivid lightning which darted around him, and the pouring rain, which drenched him to the skin. Not meeting the objects he was in search of, he pursued his way homeward with the utmost speed; his mother and myself were standing in the portico, waiting the return of those who were dearer to us than life.

"Where is your sister?" I eagerly demanded, before he alighted.—'Great God!' exclaimed my son, 'is she not returned?' When, being answered in the negative, he turned his horse's head, and was in a minute out of sight. I instantly ordered two more horses to be saddled, and desiring James to mount one, we set out in different directions, but no trace of my Matilda could either discover, and it was near four in the morning before the dear girl and her abandoned companion made their appearance.

"The joy I felt at beholding my beloved child restored to me, uninjured by the dreaded effects of the storm, rendered me insensible to the impropriety she had been guilty

of, in consenting to remain so many hours with the vilest of his sex. It is true, he conducted himself towards her in the most respectful manner; but he took that opportunity of declaring the violence of his passion, and drawing a small pistol from his pocket, he vowed he would terminate his existence, unless she would condescend to inspire him with hope. Reduced to a situation more distressing than language can depicture, my poor girl promised every thing he required, on condition that he would unload the deadly weapon, or fire it in the air.

"It was not merely the personal attractions of my Matilda that had excited the desires of this unprincipled young man, but the ten thousand pounds Mr. Rogers was to receive, as a marriage-portion, was an attracting allurement to a needy man. His person, as I before observed, was even superior to that of her intended husband, and he possessed a sprightly vivacity of manner, which rendered his conversation truly pleasing, and which, when contrasted with the sedate, or rather sombre deportment of Rogers, evidently gave him an advantage.

"My daughter had not courage even to inform her mother of the extorted promise she had made to this vile and artful man; but, two days after the memorable night I have mentioned, my beloved son was invited to a gentleman's party at the principal hotel. The bottle, as is generally the case, had freely circulated, when one of the party being called upon for a toast, gave—"Miss Maxwell, or rather," added the toaster, "the intended Mrs. D———."

"I am flattered," said my son, "by the compliment you have paid my sister, but cannot suffer the toast to pass; for Matilda is the betrothed wife of the worthy Rogers; and I must beg to have the motive assigned, that induced you to suppose she was likely to bear the name of D——."

"You are a sly rogue, Frederick," replied the young man who had toasted my daughter; "but the major actually told me he was to be married next week;" adding, "that Rogers would, of course, resign his pretensions,

when he knew your sister had been confined with him in a cavern a whole night; significantly declaring, he was too great an adept in the art of love-making, not to have availed himself of such a favourable situation."

"The untarnished blood of the Maxwells instantly flowed into my son's face, and, rising from the table, he declared the honour of his sister was far dearer to him than life; then explaining the circumstance which led to the vile insinuation, he declared his resolution of making D—— retract every sentence he had uttered. The party in vain endeavoured to appease that indignation, which seemed to threaten so fatal a termination; but my noble-minded boy was not to be diverted from his intention. A note was instantly dispatched to the major, who, unsuspicious of what had passed, attended the summons, conceiving the party intended to apologise for not inviting him to dinner, and wished him to partake of the social bottle.

"He entered the room with that ease and elegance, which peculiarly marked his address; and it is not necessary for me to tire your patience, by relating the conversation which took place. My son, as you may imagine, accused him of being a vile traducer of the character of a sister, whose purity had been unspotted. The vile Major D—— at first attempted to consider the charge as a premeditated joke; but finding my son was not to be trifled with, he positively denied every word; when seeing the young man who had disclosed his base assertions, enter from an adjoining apartment, for the purpose of confronting him, he turned pale as ashes, and offered the most humiliating apologies. These, however, my exasperated son refused accepting; a duel was the consequence; and, grievous to relate, my brave boy fell. His murderer escaped in the confusion, and my son was brought home in the agonies of death.

"You, my friend, fortunately arrived, to support me under the most trying of human afflictions: my wife's sister happened to be staying at our house, and has taken my poor Matilda home with her, until her character is

cleared from the vile Major D——'s base reports. Whilst my dear Frederick's body remained under my roof, I summoned resolution to state all the melancholy events which had happened, to the worthy Rogers; fearing some busy or intermeddling being might represent them to him under false colours. How he will act, of course is uncertain; yet so tenderly was he attached to my child, that I have no idea his affection will be weakened by the malice of her enemies."

Here Mr. Maxwell closed his melancholy narration, in listening to which I found it impossible to restrain the sympathizing tear.

(To be continued.)

AN EPISTLE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

From the intended Relater of Family Anecdotes.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is an old maxim which I have frequently met with, though I cannot at this moment recal to remembrance who is the author of it, namely—"That those who receive, ought likewise to give:" and as I undoubtedly have, for the last eleven years, received much gratification from the perusal of your periodical publication, I am at length come to the resolution of endeavouring to make some return for the debt of gratitude I owe, by describing a variety of circumstances which have occurred to my observation within the period of time I acknowledge myself indebted to you.

By way of preface to the intelligence I intend to communicate, I think it necessary, sir, to give you a short account of myself, that you may attach some degree of authenticity to those domestic occurrences which it is my intention to

relate. Know, then, Mr. Editor, that I am the only fruit of a connubial connexion, entered into by my parents (at what I may term) an advanced period of life, for my father was in his sixtieth, and my mother in her fifty-second year. A mutual attachment had taken place between the authors of my existence, at a very early age; but, as my mother had a very slender fortune, and had been educated in an expensive style, my father could not bear the idea of exposing her to those inconveniencies too frequently attached to a country clergyman's wife; and therefore determined not to relinquish the comforts attached to a good fellowship in St. John's College, until a living presented itself, which would enable them both to enjoy all the comforts of life. At length the rectory of ———, in Yorkshire, became vacant; and as the incumbent of it had for many years been in an infirm state, my father, from being senior fellow, received the gift as an inheritance, and retired thither with his amiable, though neither young or blooming, bride.

My father had for so many years been accustomed to receive a kind of respectful attention from the more youthful members of the university, that he had actually acquired a habit of deciding positively, even upon the most trifling subjects of conversation; and this dogmatic mode of conduct rendered him extremely unpopular amongst his parishioners. Trifling altercations at length terminated in serious quarrels; and the man, whose superiority of understanding rendered him a fit arbitrator in all parochial disputes, found himself involved in continual dissensions with those whom it was his duty to have taught the practice of unanimity and regard. These petty disputations, with people whom the natural goodness of his heart inclined him to admonish as a father would his children, gave a sort of misanthropic turn to his character, which induced him to relinquish society, and seek quiet in the repose of his family, and the bosom of retirement. He let the tythes, which were extensive, to a respectable farmer; and though encircled by

a numerous family of parishioners, seldom entered their houses but to perform his sacerdotal duties: but, at this period, as I made my appearance on the theatre of action, his chief amusement consisted in forming different plans for my education.

To impress my infant mind with high notions of rectitude was his first object, and to inspire it with an enthusiastic love of truth; yet, from the best motives, he doubtlessly erred in instilling a contempt for the opinions, and a general hatred of the world. Fortunately for me, my mother took every means in her power, privately, to counteract these impressions, by observing how much happier I should have been, had my father allowed me to associate with boys of my own age, and enjoy those sports and amusements so congenial to that period of life. At the age of twelve I might, not inaptly, have been termed the man in miniature; for I would enter into disputations with all my father's college acquaintance, who, in fact, were the only society with whom he held any intercourse.

I had just completed my thirteenth year, when a gentleman, of the name of Sidney, (to whom my father had been private tutor whilst at college,) purchased a beautiful estate within a mile of the rectory, and, by his engaging manners, and the external marks of respect he displayed towards his old preceptor, drew him from that retirement in which he had merely vegetated for a succession of years. The change in my father's mode of life was at once new and delightful; and I felt the force of Doctor Goldsmith's observation—"That man was designed, by his Maker, for the social enjoyments of life." By associating on an intimate footing with Mr. Sidney's family, I had not only an opportunity of mixing with polished society, but my heart soon became sensible of a new passion; and, though little more than fourteen, I fell desperately in love.

Selina Sidney was doubtlessly the most perfect of human beings: beautiful, accomplished, delicate, and sincere; and, from the desire I felt to render myself pleasing to this

amiable object, I studied the graces, with an assiduity worthy of Chesterfield's heir. A mutual attachment soon took place between us, which, from the innocence of our hearts, neither attempted to conceal; and our parents, instead of checking the tender sentiment, evidently perceived it with pleasure and approbation. At the age of eighteen I was sent to college, as my inclination led towards the bar, and, at the same time, entered a student at Lincoln's Inn.

Well aware of the disparity of our situations, I was indefatigable in my endeavours to become great in my profession; and I was called to the bar at an earlier period than the generality of young men. Though an intimacy still continued between Mr. Sidney and my father, yet I could not help fancying, every time I visited the rectory, a greater degree of distance between them prevailed; and the first long vacation that occurred, after my becoming a barrister, I had the misery of hearing, that all intercourse between them had entirely ceased. My father, with a sternness, which rendered his mandate the more cruel, forbade me from attempting to see my Selina; adding, that preparations for her marriage with Sir George Seymour were already in great forwardness, and our intended alliance was totally broken off.

It was in vain that I requested to be made acquainted with the cause of this appalling determination; the only answer I received was, that no parent had a right to assign reasons for his mode of conduct to a child; that I was a great deal too young to think of marriage, and that I ought first to possess the means of supporting a wife. Not being able to obtain any satisfactory account from my father, I flew to Sidney Lodge in an almost frantic state; and hastily entering the park, met the once kind and hospitable owner of it, in the character of an old friend with a new face.

Upon my conjuring him to acquaint me with the motive which had actuated him to break through an engagement, which he had sanctioned by his approbation, he referred

me to my father; declaring his principles would not allow him to condemn a parent to his son; but intreating me, if I valued his good opinion, neither to attempt seeing nor writing to Selina. I threw myself on my knees before the inexorable Sidney, recalled to his recollection the sanction he had bestowed upon our mutual attachment; and implored him not to force his too lovely daughter into a marriage, which I knew must be repugnant to her feelings.

He candidly informed me, that to recede was impossible; that the positive temper my father had repeatedly displayed, in Selina's presence, had actually terrified her; and that, as many respectable families in the neighbourhood had assured her I inherited his disposition, she had voluntarily consented to receive the addresses of Sir George Seymour.

I will no longer dwell, Mr. Editor, upon the anguish of my feelings at receiving this horror-striking intelligence, but merely inform you, that the being, whom nature had formed for domestic happiness, fell the victim of debauchery and cruel treatment. Too soon was her father convinced of the injury which had been done my character; and sincerely did he repent having visited the sins of the father upon his innocent offspring; all the reparation which was possible he made me, by leaving me an ample fortune at his death.

But of what use, Mr. Editor, are riches to a man whose mind is incapable of enjoying them? Time, it is true, has blunted the edge of affliction; but in vain do I seek for domestic happiness. All ideas of a second attachment are buried with my Selina; I feel myself an isolated mortal, without ties or connexions. My father and mother have both paid the debt of nature, and I find I am living alone, even in the bustle of the world. I have friends, it is true; and partial ones, if I may judge by their conduct: but my heart was formed by nature for domestic happiness; in short, it would all have been centered in the bosom of my family, and in the extatic bliss I should have derived from

my Selina and her offspring. The blooming form of that angelic creature presents itself to my imagination, both in my regular excursions and my nightly dreams; I fly round the globe in search of happiness, but the reflection of the bliss I might have tasted, frustrates all my designs. Yet do not suppose, Mr. Editor, I wantonly waste those treasures fortune has bestowed upon me, or that I am unmindful of the claims humanity has on my purse; for, though leading a wandering life, wherever I pitch my quarters, I endeavour to find out distress and misfortune.

Though my fortune is such as to enable me to support an expensive and extensive establishment, yet I cannot be allowed to have a regular home; for having tried the experiment, by purchasing a beautiful estate in Berkshire, I felt the vacuum about my heart, I may say, tenfold; for every room I passed through appeared haunted by the shade of my Selina, although she had never resided in that part of the world. Constant change of scene has, in fact, become necessary to my enjoying those blessings which Providence in bounty has given; I have humble lodgings, it is true, in several parts of England, which I hire by the year; and where, if I should be overtaken by sickness, the grateful inhabitants would treat me with a mixture of tenderness and respect. Neither has the disappointment of my early hopes tinctured my feelings with misanthropy; for from that too fatal propensity in my father I date all my unhappiness; therefore, when mixing with the world, I endeavour to wear the garb of chearfulness; and, from that circumstance, I find myself always a welcome guest. My time is divided between visiting my friends, and travelling to my different lodgings; in the latter I sometimes pass a fortnight, planning different little improvements; but, as I never wish to tire the former with my company, I seldom remain longer than two or three days. By these kind connections I am considered as one of the family: I read, write, walk, or partake of their different occupations, exactly as I please; for, knowing me to be an enemy to

form, they kindly leave me at liberty to follow my own taste.

As these excursions, Mr. Editor, have been the means of my making various observations upon the happiness and unhappiness of the marriage state, the idea struck me, that I might afford your readers some entertainment, by recording those events which I have actually seen; and that even something more than entertainment might be derived from them, if by example the human mind is instructed. I shall, therefore, sir, with your permission, occasionally furnish you Family Anecdotes; and, in the next number, describe the scenes I witnessed in that of my friend Francis Lenox; no longer trespassing upon your time, than to assure you, that I am your warm friend,

And sincere admirer,

A DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

ANNE, OF BRITTANY,

DAUGHTER of Francis the Second, Duke of Brittany, was born at Nantz, January 26, 1476, and educated by her father with peculiar attention, in consequence of considering her heir to his domains. Though a lady of the name of Savary was appointed governess to the young princess, the duke superintended all the studies himself, and the facility with which she received his instruction, afforded the highest gratification to his mind. When scarcely five years of age, Anne was promised in marriage to Edward Prince of Wales, elder son of Edward the Fourth; but by the tragical death of that young prince, the contract was of course dissolved. From the reputation of her beauty and accomplishments, as she advanced towards maturity, the duke received several splendid offers for her hand; and amongst the number of her suitors was the Duke of Orleans, who, in consequence of having excited the resentment of Anne of Beaujeu, had been obliged to

quit France; to accomplish his desire of uniting himself to this amiable princess, he determined to implore the pope to grant him a divorce. Francis being engaged in a war with the French, gave the Duke of Orleans a command, who proved unsuccessful in the employment he had undertaken, and was made a prisoner of war. Soon after this event, by the death of her father, Anne was left in a perilous and unprotected state; for the orphan heiress of this spacious dominion had scarcely reached her fourteenth year.

Maximilian, King of the Romans, whose daughter Margaret was betrothed to Charles the Eighth, an amiable, but unaspiring young man, made proposals of marriage to Anne of Bretagne, and offered to assist her against the French. Though the Duke of Orleans had made a strong impression upon the heart of this young princess, yet, as there seemed insurmountable barriers to the accomplishment of their desires, she accepted the proposals made by Maximilian, and they were married by proxy, in 1490. In the mean time, Anne of Beaujeu, despairing of uniting Brittany to the French dominions, proposed a marriage between the young princess and Charles, who had felt no particular partiality to his betrothed wife; and though the wedding had only been delayed until Margaret was old enough to have it celebrated, by the sagacious plans of Anne of Beaujeu, the engagement was dissolved, and Anne of Bretagne, not finding herself able to cope with her French adversaries, united their interests, by giving Charles her reluctant hand.

With a marriage formed upon mere interest, there appeared little probability that happiness would succeed; yet as the king possessed an amiable temper, and great pliancy of mind, Anne certainly enjoyed a greater portion of conjugal felicity than in such circumstances there was reason to expect. Maximilian found himself doubly injured; his daughter had been returned to him unmarried, and her betrothed husband was united to his intended wife: of course, he became a decided enemy to the French monarch, and

took every opportunity of harassing him. The king of France at length found his health declining, and retired with his queen to a favourite retreat, for the purpose of placing his affairs in order, and making necessary preparations for the awful summons he expected to receive. Upon the death of Charles the Eighth, the queen was for some days inconsolable: she soon afterwards quitted France, and retired into her hereditary domains.

The Duke of Orleans having been raised to the throne by the death of his relation, (who expired without issue), obtained a dispensation from the pope, to repudiate his wife, under a pretence that the deformity of her person prevented the possibility of her giving him an heir. His affection for his former favourite burst forth with redoubled ardour, the moment he knew she was disengaged; and he determined to leave no means untried to reanimate a passion which he knew had once taken possession of her heart. Dormant tenderness pleaded strongly in the new monarch's favour, and the queen, after a time, listened to his professions with sensations of delight. They were accordingly united, and tasted that refinement of domestic happiness which is seldom enjoyed by persons in so elevated a state. The respectful affection which Louis had so long cherished, suffered no diminution from possession; for the queen, by the sweetness of her manners, obtained an entire ascendancy over his heart: by her example she encouraged virtue, discountenanced licentiousness; was the pride of her husband, and the delight of the court. The Queens of France owed to Anne many of their prerogatives; among which may be named, that of giving audience to ambassadors, and having a guard of one hundred gentlemen at their command: she was likewise the first French queen who made use of black for mourning, which she wore upon the death of Charles. This amiable princess expired, in consequence of improper treatment in child-bed, in her thirty-eighth year.

In the anecdotes of the Queens of France the following

account is given of her, with which it may not be inapplicable to conclude this sketch of her life. "The complexion of Anne of Brittany was remarkable for its exquisite whiteness, animated by the most attractive bloom. Her face was rather a long oval; her forehead high and ample, in which modesty and majesty were happily combined; her nose well formed, her mouth beautiful, and expression was painted in every turn of her eyes. Her stature was of the middle height; her air noble; she expressed herself with eloquence; and her manners were refined. Her temper was at once generous and benevolent; her heart kind, open, and sincere. Her piety was fervent; yet her religious principles had not the advantage of investigation; in consequence of which she was rather blindly attached to her cause. Upon the death of this amiable princess, Louis the Twelfth was inconsolable, for he was attached to her with a degree of ardour which few men feel; but she, doubtless, richly deserved all his tenderness, and amply returned the affection which occupied his heart."

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued from page 92.)

CHAP. III.

When a woman holds the scales, a feather has prodigious weight.
Looker On.

MR. HOLLINGSBY accompanied his daughter on the morning of her departure to the house of his friend Millington, where she was received with much cordiality by the old gentleman, and stateliness by his sister Miss Juana, who, though neither young nor handsome, wished to impress others with an idea that she still had some attractions; which claim was readily allowed by those who viewed through a perspective glass the twenty thousand pounds she would inherit at her brother's death; and,

notwithstanding the "poor dear old soul," as she called him, was an invalid, and full four years older than herself, it was wonderful to see how very stoutly he clung to life, as if determined to wear out her thread-bare patience. On a first glance at her travelling companions, the giddy Cornelia would have indulged her risibility, but for an impressive frown from her father, which immediately enforced obedience to the necessary rules of good-breeding. The dress and appearance of Juana was certainly ludicrous in the extreme, for affectation of youth rendered the ravages of age more perceptible, and consequently less respectable; her high boney forehead was decorated with a profusion of flaxen ringlets, which suited badly with her fierce black eyes and tawny complexion; a bright green riding-habit displayed her spare and awkward figure to little advantage, while a cravat, loosely tied round her scraggy throat, and richly bordered with Spanish snuff, completed a *toute ensemble* particularly striking.

Cornelia, however, was soon reconciled to the absurdity of her appearance, and was much delighted with her journey; her affectionate attention to the infirmities of old Millington soon ingratiated her in his favour, though she thereby rendered herself the object of Juana's confirmed envy and dislike. Millington sometimes diverted himself, and sometimes grew peevish, at her absurdities; but her unwearying attention to his infirmities claimed his gratitude; and as self-love blinded him to the motives of that attention, he overlooked those peculiarities of manner and temper, which so frequently exposed her to the ridicule of others, justly considering, that she was the only one who suffered from the mortification.

As it was rather late in the evening when they reached Bath, Mr. Millington observed, that it would perhaps break in upon Lady Clerville's regular habits, if Cornelia went to her the same night; he therefore obligingly requested her to remain with them; which she readily agreed to, dreading the formality of a first introduction to a person

who, she doubted not, was " big with self-importance, sedate, and awfully majestic." Impressed with this idea, Cornelia, after taking an early breakfast, habited herself in a plain white cambric gown, her beaver hat tied closely down, and thus modestly attired, waited for an answer to the note which she had sent by a waiter, to apprise Lady Clerville of her arrival. The man soon returned, with word that her ladyship was not up then, but would be glad to receive Miss Hollingsby about twelve o'clock. Cornelia began to fear that Lady Clerville was indisposed, and she apprehended that she should pass but a dull time at Bath with an invalid. About half past eleven a servant came, for the purpose of attending our heroine to Pulteney Street; and Cornelia, with a trembling heart, repaired to the mansion of her formidable aunt.

Lady Clerville was reclining on an ottoman, in an elegantly furnished apartment, and half rose at the entrance of her expected guest, who retreated a few steps in astonishment, at beholding a figure so very different from what her imagination had pictured. Lady Clerville, clad in a beautiful robe of Andalusian silk, displaying every motion of her finely formed figure, and with head uncovered, except by the partial shade of a lace veil, which fell carelessly on one side, leaving the exuberant ringlets on the other free to flutter on the damask cheek, appeared not more than five and thirty to our novice; who was ignorant how effectually art can be employed to conceal the depredations of time. She held out her hand to Cornelia, and drawing her towards her, with an encouraging smile saluted her cheek; then making way for her on the same seat, said, " I suppose you have breakfasted, my dear; so, as I make no stranger of you, I will take mine." Cornelia made an apology for disturbing her before her usual time. Lady Clerville laughed—" Why, indeed, my dear, I should have imagined that a London young lady knew better than to rise so unfashionably early; but never mind, we shall soon make you one of us." Lady Clerville then raised a glass,

which was suspended to her neck by a gold chain, and eying Cornelia with much attention, cried, "Vastly well, child, you are not so much amiss as I expected; I was afraid my brother had neglected you sadly; but I see I shall be able to make something of you, when you get rid of that awkward *mauvaise honte*."

Cornelia knew not how to understand this raillery, but as her aunt seemed affable and lively, she took it all in good part, and assured her ladyship that she would endeavour to profit by her instructions. "Well then, my dear girl, put off that suffocating large hat, and as your things are not unpacked yet, I must equip you from my own stock; come, let us repair to the dressing-room." Cornelia tripped lightly after her aunt, and, by her desire, tied on a light silk handkerchief and a short veil, which her fashionable friend told her was quite sufficient: "and now," said she, "we will go and make a few purchases." As they passed along, Cornelia was delighted with the gaiety and splendor she beheld on all sides, where she enjoyed all the variety without the bustle of London; she, nevertheless, felt some embarrassment at the loud remarks that were made by several fashionable loungers; for Lady Clerville affected singularity in her dress; and having the advantage of a figure on which every thing looked well, she generally set the fashion at Bath. As they crossed the Parade, two officers behind them were diverting themselves with their comments and conjectures: "Curse me, if it a'nt a new thing," cried one. "Psha!" replied the other, "you are always fly-catching: prithee! come along."—"No, by heaven!" exclaimed his companion, "I will have a peep if you pull my arm off: a soldier never minds the loss of a limb, whether the cause be love or glory." At these words, the enamoured hero passed, staring Cornelia full in the face; at another time she would have been greatly distressed by this piece of impertinence, but the grotesque appearance of this military puppy, while literally hanging upon the arm of a most elegant young man, ex-

torted a smile which she could not repress, and which he construed into a sort of encouraging signal. Captain Millman, that admirer of beauty, measured in height barely five feet, his form was meagre and his countenance haggard, with age and dissipation; he had sustained the loss of one eye, while the other, in sympathy, seemed perpetually seeking its absent assistant, though its search was unfortunately impeded by his huge nose, which cherished, as it seemed, by Bacchus, was the most healthy looking feature in his saffron coloured visage—

> Yet, spite of all that uncouth fate,
> And cruel fortune bade to hate,
> This creature dared to love.

Lady Clerville archly jogged Cornelia's elbow, saying, "Alas! my dear, you are lost; Cupidon has fixed his eye upon you: now resist the power of scarlet, if you can." Courtney, the companion of Millman, hearing these words, looked a little confused, and repeated them to the captain, who was preparing a retort courteous; but, just at the moment, spying Colonel Sibthorpe, he thought of a better revenge, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the ladies, "Happily met, colonel; here is a bewitching little creature just come among us, can you tell who she is?—I mean this one, with a tall affected prig of a governess by her side."

"Mount your quizzer, Millman," said the gallant colonel, "and reconnoitre; cannot you distinguish better. I thought you was on Lady Clerville's list; come, shall I announce you."—"Place me in a mortar rather, and blow me to atoms," replied Millman, slinking off; "I am done up in that quarter. Gadso! I have made a superlative blunder." Lady Clerville, approaching the colonel, said, laughingly, "Prithee, my good friend, send that officer back to the guard-house, to fetch his manners, he wants them sadly to wait upon his wit; and, by the way, Sibthorpe, I must enlist you this evening; I shall have a party

and want a few tollerables; you are not engaged I hope. Mr. Courtney, I shall be happy to see you."

Courtney bowed, and seemed highly gratified by the invitation. "I was coming to offer your ladyship some tickets for the master's ball," said Sibthorpe; "but perhaps you are provided."—"No," returned Lady Clerville, "I shall certainly go; my little niece here—but I have not introduced you; Colonel Sibthorpe, Miss Hollingsby, Mr. Courtney." This ceremony adjusted, Lady Clerville continued, "My niece must not lose any of the pleasures of Bath, as her stay may be short."—"Too long for us, I fear," cried the flattering colonel, bowing conceitedly to Cornelia, who felt the colour mounting on her cheeks. "Is Miss Hollingsby the hundredth, or only the ninety-ninth, young lady to whom you have addressed that silly compliment, my good friend?" asked Lady Clerville. "Nay, now," rejoined the colonel, shewing his fine teeth, "I must not let you be so severe upon me, or I shall suspect you of that womanish failing, envy."—"Well, well: I cannot stand prattling here; I must take this girl to fifty places." At this intimation the colonel bowed profoundly, and wheeled off.

When they were out of hearing, Lady Clerville said, turning to her niece, "That Colonel Sibthorpe is the most consummate coxcomb in existence, and, *entré nous*, one of the greatest hypocrites."—"And yet your ladyship condescends to countenance him," returned Cornelia, smiling.—"Very true," replied Lady Clerville, shrugging her shoulders; "and such things must be; Sibthorpe is a man of fortune, high in military rank, and as a woman's vanity must be gratified, a few absurdities may now and then be tolerated. The colonel is not an immoral man, therefore I think myself justified in being civil to him; especially as it gives me the opportunity of serving others. In fact, his character is made up of negatives; he is not a fool, he is not a libertine, nor yet a sharper; and, I must declare to you, my dear girl, that many ladies of fashion admit even

these in their train, merely for the sake of being admired and celebrated."—"And is this my sage, formal aunt?" thought Cornelia, as she accompanied the gay Lady Clerville from shop to shop, where she tossed over heaps of silks, laces, and trinkets; sometimes without making the smallest purchase. At their return, Cornelia found that her trunks were arrived, and she busied herself in unpacking till it was time to dress for dinner. We will take the opportunity of her being so engaged, to enter more circumstantially into the history and character of Lady Clerville.

With an inexhaustible fund of sprightliness, this gay woman of fashion possessed a good heart and a virtuous disposition; yet the little regard she paid to established rules, exposed her to the slanders of rigid prudence, or malignant envy. Laura Hollingsby, on the marriage of her brother, was brought into society far above her early expectations, in point of rank, and in consequence, her ambitious hopes elevated themselves proportionately. On the death of her father, she was consigned to the guardianship of one who had ever been a most zealous friend to the family; Sir William Clerville was then five and forty, his ward nineteen, yet the disparity of their years did not prevent the susceptible baronet from bestowing his affections on his captivating charge, and ultimately making her an offer of marriage. Laura, who thought of nothing but being mistress of a handsome establishment, and had formed no other idea of marriage than what was associated with independence, assured him, with much grace and sweetness, that she considered his proposal as a most flattering distinction. Sir William, delighted at this ready and unlooked-for compliance, loaded her with caresses and presents; and their marriage was solemnized with the greatest splendor. Her little heart danced with pleasure at the homage paid her wherever she went, and as her purse was liberally supplied by her doating husband, she thought herself in possession of every earthly blessing. A pulmo-

nary complaint at length obliged Sir William to visit Spa; Laura was seriously alarmed; for his kindness to her had rendered gratitude as warm a sentiment in her breast as love, and she prepared to accompany him with alacrity, which increased his regard.

To render her affectionate attendance less irksome, Sir William made a gradual tour through France and Italy, and on the continent his lady imbibed a fresh taste for shew and dissipation; yet she remained a faithful wife and tender assiduous nurse, till death released her from a tie, which many girls of her age would have considered insupportable. Having no family, and being left to the uncontrouled guidance of her conduct and fortune, she began to feel the advantages of liberty, and was soon surrounded by a variety of lovers, attracted equally by her beauty, accomplishments, and fortune; but her heart was still untouched, and she resolved never again to bestow her hand unbiassed by affection. Thus was her ladyship situated, when it occurred to her that a female companion would be both agreeable and eligible for her, and her thoughts turned on the daughter of her brother, as one whom the tie of relationship would attach more closely to her interest, and with whom she might participate in more unrestrained confidence.

(To be continued.)

NIGHTINGALES.

A CURIOUS circumstance is mentioned by the Philosopher Kircherus, "that the young Nightingales which are hatched under other birds never sing till they are instructed by the company of other Nightingales:" and Mr. Pennant affirms, that the Nightingales that visit Scotland have not the same harmony as those of Italy; which would lead us to suspect, that the singing of birds, like human music, is an artificial language, rather than a natural expression of passion.

CROSS PURPOSES.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. MOWBRAY, ... A Country Gentleman.
LORD GEORGE DASHWOOD, .. His intended Son-in-law.
HON. EDWARD DASHWOOD, .. Brother to Lord George.

GEORGIANA MOWBRAY,
MRS. SOMERS, ... A Farmer's Widow.
FANNY, ... Her Daughter.
TATTLE, ... Miss Mowbray's Maid.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of Mr. Mowbray.

Enter Georgiana and Mr. Mowbray.

Mr. Mowbray.—Is every thing in readiness for the reception of our noble guest, my dear?

Georg.—Yes, sir, I believe so.

Mr. M.—How carelessly you answer, child; bless my heart, you do not seem half so much elated with your exalted destination as I expected.

Georg.—How can you expect it, my dear father; when you know I am a stranger to the person and disposition of Lord George.

Mr. M.—Nonsense! girl. He is the son of a most worthy man, elegant, accomplished, honourable, and, as report says, handsome; what more would you have?

Georg.—His elegance of manners will avail but little if his mind is depraved; and as to the common epithet of honourable, I have heard it so grossly perverted, that I place little dependence on the report of the fashionable world. A man is now honourable, if he murders his

friend in a duel, pays his debts at the gaming-table, and contrives to keep up his credit on the turf.

Mr. M.—A pretty petticoat moralizer, truly; tis all stuff, I tell you; however, I have no doubt of your liking Lord Dashwood, and all the splendid etceteras, when you have had a little time for consideration.

Georg.—Be assured, my dear father, I will not suffer myself to be swayed by prejudice either way. But I know you are too indulgent to force my inclinations; and should I hereafter find any reasonable objection, you will not be too severe upon me.

Mr. M.—Certainly not; you have ever been a dutiful child to me, and you shall find that your happiness is the object nearest to my heart; so keep up your spirits, my love, and let me meet you on my return cheerful and happy, as usual. [*Exit.*

Georg.—My kind father! what, I wonder, can make me feel this depression of spirits; I have no preference for any other, and all I have hitherto heard of this young man is greatly in his favour.

Enter Tattle.

Tattle.—Miss Mowbray; ma'am, are you quite alone.

Miss M.—Quite, Tattle; what are you in such a bustle about? has any thing happened?

Tattle.—Oh dear, no ma'am, nothing; only I think something; but perhaps you would be displeased with me if I should say any thing about it.

Miss M.—Do speak plain, my good girl; I can make nothing of these round-about hints.

Tattle.—Well then, ma'am; if the truth must out, it shall. You know Fanny Somers, ma'am, a sweet pretty girl she was once; but, poor thing, she is sadly altered.

Miss M.—If you have any idle gossip to repeat about your neighbours, Tattle, I wish you to keep it to yourself; you know such conversation is not agreeable to me.

Tattle.—La, miss, you are so reserved; I am sure some of

the young ladies I have lived with would give their ears, to know any little bit of news that I could pick up for them; they would listen for hours together, when I brought them any scandalous anecdotes of their neighbours.

Miss M.—But, as you know that is not my way, I think it rather impertinent of you to attempt it now.

Tattle.—La, miss, you need not be angry; I am sure I should not have hinted at any thing, but in the hope of doing you a piece of service, as I know how anxious you are to learn every thing concerning Lord George.

Miss M.—You surprise me; why how can you have gained any information?

Tattle.—The strangest thing in life, ma'am. Why, you must know, that about two years ago a gentleman met with an accident by the overturning of his carriage, near the farm, and he was very kindly treated by Mrs. Somers and her husband; you was at school, miss, then, so could know nothing about it. Well, the gentleman seemed much struck with Fanny, and staid there a long time after he got well; but at last he went away, and Fanny did nothing but cry from morning till night, and at last fell very sick; and, folks did say, that she was brought to bed of a dead child. Howsomever, Mr. Somers he went away to London, but came back without his errand, for the young gentleman was gone abroad on a *tower;* and as to poor Fanny, she has never looked like herself since; and the old man, he fretted, and fretted, so that at last he could hold up no longer, and every body thinks he died of a broken heart.

Miss M.—You shock me! can this have any thing to do with Lord George Dashwood?

Tattle.—Why you shall hear, miss. This morning, when I went for our butter, I happened to say what a preparation we were making for your intended marriage, and that Lord George Dashwood was expected every hour; when, would you believe it, Miss Fanny fainted away as dead as a mackerel.

Miss M.—Good heavens! this is dreadful, beyond my apprehension. Could Lord George be the villain?

Tattle.—Oh, dear miss, you will faint too; shall I call my master?

Miss M.—Not for the world; I shall be better presently, my good girl; let me beg of you not to mention a word of this to any other person. I will see Fanny myself, and perhaps have this shocking story explained.

Tattle.—Well, miss, you may depend upon it that I have told you nothing but the truth; but I am sure and certain I did not think it would terrify you so much: for, lauk a daisy, these things are so common now adays. It is only a little affair of gallantry, as Mr. Sparks, the valet at the place, says.

Miss M.—Oh, Tattle! it is indeed too common; but such vices as these are horrible to me beyond idea; and were Lord George the most attractive of men, I would renounce him, even if my heart was prepossessed in his favour. The wretch who can abuse an artless girl's affection and confidence, forfeits the esteem of every virtuous woman.

Tattle.—I can tell you, miss, these refined *idears* will stand very much in your way; and, excuse me, if I say, 'tis ten to one if ever you get a husband at all, if you are so particular in those things.

Miss M.—And far better for me that I do not, Tattle. The woman who voluntarily unites her fate with that of an unprincipled rake, deserves the misery that awaits her. But go, I will try to recover myself, and then pay a visit to the unhappy, lost Fanny.

Tattle.—Do so, miss; but pray do not mention that I had any concern in it.

Miss M.—I shall act in that particular as circumstances may require; leave me now. [*Exit Tattle.*

My apprehensions are fatally realised. Well, what have I to fear; thank heaven, I have not set my heart on the match; and I have my father's promise, which I know is sacred. [*Exit.*

(To be continued.)

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. XIV.

MANAGEMENT OF THE POULTRY YARD.

(Continued from page 104.)

SETTING hens are sometimes troubled with lice and vermin, for the cure of which pound burnt cummin and staphisagar, of each equal quantities; mix it with wine, and rub them with it; or wash them with a decoction of wild lupines.

If the hens are troubled with a looseness, mix a handful of barley-meal, and as much wax, in some wine, and let them have it in the morning.

Fowls are subject to a disorder called the pip, which arises from a white thin scab growing on their tongue, which prevents their feeding. This is easily discovered, and generally proceeds from their drinking puddle-water. The scab must be taken off with your finger, and the tongue rubbed with salt.

DUCKS.

DUCKS usually begin to lay in February; you must take away their eggs every day, till you find them inclined to sit, and then leave them in the place where they have laid them.

If the weather is tolerably good, the ducklings, when hatched, will require little attendance; but if they happen to be produced in a wet season, it will be necessary to take them under cover, especially at night. The method of fattening ducks is the same, let their age be what it will. They must be put into a retired place, and kept in a pen, where they must have plenty of corn and water, and they will fatten themselves in a fortnight or three weeks.

(To be continued.)

MILK PUNCH.

To four quarts of water add four quarts of brandy, a pint of lemon juice, two pounds of loaf sugar, and three nutmegs grated; mix all well together; then throw in two quarts of scalding hot new milk, and let it be covered up for one hour; strain it through a flannel bag. The rinds of about a dozen lemons must be steeped in the brandy two or three days before.

OYSTER CATCHUP.

TAKE one hundred of oysters, and bruise them well, having taken the liquor from them first; strew a handful of salt over them, and let them stand four hours: then boil them and scum them nicely; strain them through a sieve, to get out all the liquor; add the liquor that first came from the oysters, and to every quart put one ounce of mace, one ditto cloves, one ditto pepper, one ditto grated nutmeg, a little salt, two or three spoonfuls of vinegar, and a quarter of a pint of Lisbon wine; let it boil it together for a quarter of an hour; bottle it up, when cold, with the spices. Cork it close.

TO POLISH MAHOGANY.

MIX half an ounce of rose pink, and half an ounce of alkanet root, with one pint of linseed oil; let your tables be rubbed with it for three weeks every morning with linen rags.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. XIX.

The Young Rosiniere; or, Sketches of the World. By Mrs. Peck, Author of the "Maid of Avon," &c. Colburn, Conduit Street.

IT is rather difficult to decide on the merits of this performance. The style is wild and irregular, yet the language is not inelegant, nor the moral defective. The story con-

tains sufficient interest to render it acceptable to the general taste of novel readers; and it would be unjust to the fair author, were we not to allow that it is at least equal to most of those admired productions.

The following extract contains an outline of the tale:—

"Beckenhorf's spirits reduced by indisposition to their lowest ebb, were no longer equal to resist that hysterical affection, which rising in his throat, oppressed him almost to suffocation: "Poor Adam," said he, after a long pause, "these tears flow not, because thou art at rest, and sleeping in the bosom of thy Creator; but in commemoration of thy sainted innocence, gentleness and worth; again catching the sympathising glances of our heroine, his emotions becoming still more intense, another nervous drop embalmed the memory of a creature, who, once the sport of an adverse fortune, had wasted the sweetness of a guileless heart in tears. "Alas!" resumed the invalid, in a voice scarcely articulate, "precept should always be enforced by example—yet, unequal as I am—as I have ever been; how doth this swell of passion violate that forbearance, I would recommend to thee, my child!—Laura—how vain—how arrogant is that creature called man, ever presuming on a strength that belongs not to the limitation of his nature! Come, sit you down by me: I feel I have been harsh:—petulance is the common attendant on a disordered frame—think it was Beckenhorf's infirmity—not his heart that spoke, and cheer me as thou wert wont to do in the early day of thy childhood, when turning the misanthrope from his gloom, the sweet accents of infantine purity first bade my desponding soul take comfort; angelic girl, I owe thee much, I owe thee even my confidence: my passions, paralized by faithless love, dead to all sensation, languished here (pointing to his breast) till the plaints of my fellow, a sufferer in the same cause, broke the lethargic stupor of despair: it was Adam's voice that called me from the slumber of a living death: it was yours, my child, that qualified the tempestuous feelings of a wounded heart.

Woman's softness is a specific, destined by Almighty wisdom to subdue the intemperate nature of man—an emollient whose kindly influence, acknowledged even by the turbulent passions of the unlettered savage, extends from the rudest object in creation, up to the most cultivated!"—Pausing, an hectic tinge meandering over the pale visage of the speaker—his eyes shot forth a liquid beam.

"The feverish flush now glowing on the soldier's cheek, rivetted the anxious gaze of our heroine, and a rising sigh burst from her struggling heart: she started instinctively, hung her head and wept.

"What alarms by best girl——

"The crimson suffusion, sir, the purple spot." Her tears blinded her, she could not proceed.

"The invalid shook his head; "I am indeed, heated," said he, "warmed by recollection; oppressive recollections, Laura."

"Banish them," interposed the animated girl, quickly:—"Oh, my father, in compassion to me, forget—forget."

"Excellent creature," rejoined Beckenhorf, "the heart is sometimes obstinate, and retrospect will break in; the remembrance of that woman, on whom my soul once fondly doated—that woman, Laura. whose name you bear——"

"Good heavens!" and our heroine again interrupted her benefactor:—"me bear her name;" blushing deeply, and shuddering, she recoiled! "O God! O God!" expressed in disjointed sentences, "must I be recognized by that title which undid my friend."

"I gave it you as a passport to my affection," said Beckenhorf.

"Dear, dear father———"

"You marvel at my words; but such things are, my child. We are not in our best natures strong; I loved this woman, and she was my wife; she broke my heart, 'tis true, and I renounced her. However," his voice faultering, "as mercy is the virtue of the law, let it in this instance qualify an husband's judgment. The duties of my profession calling me hence, laid open to temptation, and

consequently assailed: 'twas thus she fell: 'tis a grievous story, Laura, painful to relate; yet methinks 'tis the right minute you should be made acquainted with the particulars of my life; in order, that when I am gone, should any cast reproach upon my memory, the child of my adoption, rising from the lap of oblivion, may stand forward with the vindication of that man, who abjuring his name with his country, has hitherto appeared here under no other than a fictitious title."

"Charity is genuine, and no counterfeit," said Laura. "I am the evidence of your worth, and as such, gratitude, if occasion requires it, will instruct me intuitively how to strike dumb the presumptuous voice that would insinuate aught against the sainted character of him who gave me bread!—father! (folding her alabaster hands with impassioned fervency) suffer me to gather from my own bosom the authentic enrolment of your virtue. Think you, can I look beyond it!"

"You will not hear my eventful history then?"

"No—no—no."

"Do you absolutely forbid it?"

"More, even more," rejoined the trembling girl; "I entreat——I beseech———"

"Can it be that your feel no interest———"

"The greatest! (and Laura involuntarily arose) an interest that commands me to watch over your happiness and your life; to alleviate your sufferings; to respect your private sorrows; and to turn you from weeping recollections, vain at this period, and calculated only to tear open your mind anew! I would not, (and she spread her hand upon her breast) I would not purchase gratification to myself at the price of one tear wrung from the most contemptible individual in existence! When thus tenacious of the common world, think you, would I violate the sorrowing heart of a benefactor! My duty to you—my obligations to heaven—even those principles your sainted virtue has inculcated—all, all forbid it! 'Tis sad retrospects, my father, that have undermined the natural vigour of your

constitution; and now, just reeking from the hand of assassination, is it not the peculiar province of my gratitude to exclude the revival of those passages necessarily calculated to afflict you?"

"Beckenhorf was thoughtful: he appeared to retire within himself, and reflection saddened him.——"Yet," said he, (breathing a heavy sigh) yet, my beloved girl, there is another and a better subject!—I have had a glorious vision, (his eyes sparkling with affecting energy) a fairy dream, my child, and the wondrous visitation was full of thee! Laura, let thy young heart spring up, thy filial longings revive!—Methought last night's accident disclosed to me your parents;—I saw—I heard—truth sounded even unto demonstration in my ear! Now, mark me!—As I was surveying the moon, disposed amid an infinite host of stars, and walking in her brightness, two mourning pilgrims, treading life's thorny path, appeared. With fainting steps they measured the dreary way; their sighs freshened the whispering gale, and their tears fast dropping, mingled with the falling dew, exhaled from heaven! Close at their heels I crept, unseen, and climbing the reef, they scaled before me, listened, while these unhappy travellers recited, to the attentive echo, the pious purpose that drew them hither. They sought the shrine of an infant—the grave of a bosom child! They knelt and wept.—Panting to assuage their sorrow, I would have resigned to them my right in thee—but murder frowning, baffled the just resolve;—my life's blood streamed, and I awoke."

"Omnipotent powers! can this be fiction?"

"Laura! (and Beckenhorf pointed to his shivered arm) is this bruised limb deceptious?"

"Alas! my protector."

"Dear girl, you shrink."

"Well may I shrink, my father; well may I dwindle into nothing."

"The prayer of your heart is accorded," said Beckenhorf; "the mystery of your origin is solved!—thou art the

child of love and law, the victim also of a woman's vengeance.——The remorseless wretch who steeped your morning hour in the corrosive bitter of a sharp famine and distress, in her crime against you outraged nature, it is true, yet not nature's law!—Lift thy head, my child, and echo aloud with me her statutes (as they are), mighty and immutable.——Severed from the parent trunk by a gipsey cheat, a tender sprout just withered cast its opening bloom! Soft pity bore the drooping floweret to her bosom, and behold the plant revived! Nursed in the sun-beam of affection, my little maiden's infant hour just run out, friendship's mellow hand would usher in the riper day of youth, tinged with the orient colouring of joy! Let hope's rosy smile then beam. Kneel, and be thankful—thy parents live! they live and lament thee."

"Our heroine shuddered: her heart sprang in agony to her bloodless lips.—"Better, much better," exclaimed she, "the tidings had never reached me, than come as they have done, sullied with the life-drops of innocence, and polluted with the blood of a benefactor!"—Lifting her hand to her forehead, she recoiled, and closing her eyes, sunk upon her knees pale and trembling."

[*Beauties selected from the Writings of Dr. Beattie*, came too late for our Review this month: that interesting volume shall have due notice in our next.]

THE SMILE.

THE late ingenious and learned Dr. Darwin thus explains the origin of the Smile:—"The smile," says he, in his Temple of Nature, "has generally been ascribed to inexplicable instinct, but may be deduced from our early association of action and ideas. In the act of sucking, the lips of the infant are closed round the nipple of its mother, till it has filled its stomach, and the pleasure of digesting this grateful food succeeds; then the sphincter of the mouth, fatigued by the continued action of sucking, is relaxed, and

the antagonist muscles of the face gently acting, produce the smile of pleasure, which is thus, during our lives, associated with gentle pleasure."

ANECDOTE.

WHEN the great Earl of Stair was ambassador in Holland, he gave frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ministers were constantly invited, not excepting even those of France, though hostilities were then commencing between the two countries. In return, the French resident as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors upon the like occasions. The French minister was a man of considerable wit and vivacity. One day he proposed a health in these terms: "The rising sun," (my master), alluding to the motto of Louis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company. It then came to the Baron de Riesbach's turn to give a health, and he, in the same humour, gave "The moon and fixed stars," in compliment to the empress-queen. When it came to the English ambassador's turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him, but no way daunted, he drank his master by the name of "Joshua the son of Nun, who made the sun and moon to stand still."

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A walking dress, worked round the bottom, and finished with pointed lace. Andalusian silk pelisse, trimmed with white lace, and tied down the front with bows. Head dress to correspond. White Mecklin veil, and buff shoes.

Fig. 2.—A robe of fine India muslin, or cambric, with a border of lace, continued up the front, and a plaiting of lace round the neck; an embroidered yellow silk scarf; gold watch fixed on the dress, with fancy seals. Hair ornamented with beads. White kid gloves and shoes.

Sands sc

LONDON DRESSES for SEPTEMBER.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry Sept. 1. 1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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OCT

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

AN IRREGULAR ODE,

Written after Reading the animated Austrian Official Account of the celebrated Battle of Aspern.

LONG have I sung in melancholy strain,
Of fancied misery and lover's sighs;
But quit the follies of a youthful brain,
And turn, oh pensive muse! thy wond'ring eyes,
To yonder plains, where fiercest fight
In crimson terrors bursts upon the sight;
Where Mars, with pestilential breath,
Speeds the hurried work of death;
Where aged Danube's rolling flood
Swells with the tide of human blood;
Where slaughter reigns, and countless heroes die,
From home and country driven;
Where cannons, thund'ring thro' the vaulted sky,
Mock the artillery of heav'n;
Where battle rages with a deaf'ning sound,
And pale destruction hurls her shafts around!

Turn to *Aspern's* crowded street,
Where the hostile squadrons meet;
Where, with looks denouncing fate,
And eyes that speak eternal hate,

Fierce they clash their glitt'ring arms,
Void of terror's wild alarms.—
Hark! how swells the din of battle!
Widely spreads the dreadful rattle;
Dust and smoke obscure the sight,
Thick and heavy grows the fight;
Discord shouts amidst the storm,
Carnage shows her bleeding form;
Front to front, and foe to foe,
Fury dwells on ev'ry blow;
Death smiles triumphant o'er the slain,
And the red torrent pours along the plain.

Waving her banner high in air,
There liberty undaunted stands;
Here glory, mingled with despair,
Spreads mad'ning fury thro' the bands;
Night swells the horrors of the strife,
Nor hides the lavish waste of life;
Its gloomy shades no fear inspire.
Tho' all is tumult! all amaze!
Tho' *Aspern* totters in a cloud of fire,
Amidst the falling ruins' awful blaze,
Onward each hero flies,
With loud repeated cries,
And fill'd with ardour, plunging midst the flame,
Tears from the burning pile the laurel'd wreath of fame.

Oh, *Aspern!* it was thine to view
The deadly horrors of the fray;
To court the slaughter as it grew,
And mark th' eventful day:
Perch'd on thy walls, with eye sedate,
The genius of the battle sat;
There vict'ry all her chaplets hung,
And there the fury of the combat clung.

But who is he, that bursting from afar,
Rides thro' the fainting ranks of war?

His glaring eye-balls speak a soul
On vengeance bent;
Resign'd to mad despair's controul,
On dreadful deeds intent.
Oh, Europe! it is he whose wond'rous pow'r,
In spite of heroes brave,
Forg'd thee a chain in luckless hour,
And made thee *slave*.
With anger blazing in his eyes,
And fault'ring tongue, the tyrant cries,
"Frenchmen, be firm—'tis thus decreed by heav'n,
'Twixt victory and death no choice is giv'n;
The broken bridge no further aid can give,
Then turn the fortune of the day—and *live*;
For oh! if back we fly,
The rapid Danube stops us, and we *die!*"

Fir'd at their leader's voice, once more
With shouts, that echo round the shore,
With desperation on their brows,
And breathing vengeance in their vows,
The daring troops advance.
But long the shining page of glory,
Shall boast the world-applauded story;
Shall tell the unexampled stand,
That gave, oh *Charles!* to thy immortal hand,
To curb the pride of France.
To strike the *vaunted Eagle* down,
And tear from Gallia's head the long unshaken crown.

Europe re-echoes with thy fame,
And whispers blessings on thy name;
Hails with distracted joy the hour,
That gave to liberty a second birth,
And spread its chearing influence thro' the earth,
That robb'd a tyrant of his pow'r;
And forc'd the vanquish'd hero to retire,
Where night and *Lobau* sav'd him from a fire,
That o'er his scatter'd ranks destruction hurl'd,
And spoke in thunder to the list'ning world:

" Where all uniting in the glorious cause,
Defend their country, liberty, and laws,
Where patriot spirit only bears controul,
Lives in each project, and directs the whole,
Flows in a stream unsullied, pure, and true,
Tyrants may shake, but never can subdue."

OSCAR.

LINES

To a Goldfinch, on regaining its Liberty.

WHY quit thy kind protector's care,
To brave each hazard of the snare;
Is it to sportive skim the air
In liberty?

For years thy constancy has prov'd,
In limit distance to have rov'd,
But now forsaken those you lov'd,
For liberty.

Ungrateful bird! no stern constraint
Did e'er thy little wings prevent,
Or prov'd thy efforts ever faint
For liberty.

Is thus rewarded kindness true,
That cull'd the choicest seeds for you,
And gave, what few have boasted too,
Thy liberty?

If to thy guardian thou'lt return,
And base ingratitude will spurn,
No more thy little breast shall burn,
For liberty.

No cage shall e'er thy wings confine,
The little prison he'll resign,
To prove his gratitude, design'd
Thee liberty.

June 24, 1809. ELIZA.

ON A GROTTO,

MADE BY THE AUTHOR.

LET no rude step approach this spot,
Or dare profane this humble grot;
Nor let the critic, proudly gay,
Its lowly fabric round survey:
What tho' no sculptur'd columns rise,
With stately grandeur to the skies!
What tho' no shining marble start,
Wrought by the chisel's nicer art!
Yet even here the mind may rest,
And even here be truly blest,
If peace, content, and virtue lend,
Their pleasures in the breast to blend.
Come then, Content, and with thee bring,
Upon thy soft and silken wing,
Those joys which from thy presence flow—
Joys which are thine alone to know!
Come, let me feel thy power benign,
To thee my little cares consign;
With thee conversing, I'll forget,
And scorn the pomps of busy state.
And thou, enchanting Solitude!
Fair daughter of the pensive mood,
Who lov'st amid the vales to dwell,
Or seek the rough and brushy dell,
Or else ascend the woodland grove,
Sacred to all the charms of love,
Where oft beneath the shade thou'rt found,
The mossy carpet spread around;
Oh! deign within this grot to stray,
And teach of life the thorny way;
Give me to taste those halcyon hours,
Those blissful seats, Elysian bow'rs,
Of which enraptur'd poets sing,
When seated at Parnassian spring;
Thus shall my days with calmness roll,
Nor aught disturb my tranquil soul.

August, 1808. AMANDUS.

THE CONSOLATION,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

COME, chear up, my friend, banish dull care away,
And bid a long farewell to sorrow;
For if Providence sends thee enough for to-day,
Then why need'st thou think of to-morrow?

What tho' through thy roof fickle fortune doth frown,
And denies a poor fellow a guinea;
Never mind, for if folks see thy spirits are down,
They'll dub thee, by G—d, for a ninny.

Who knows, for such strange things so often take place,
Your prospects may brighten in marriage;
When join'd to a nymph with a sweet pretty face,
You may ride like a lord in your carriage.

With your vassals attendant, before and behind,
Whilst you are enjoying your ease,
With plenty of cash, and a girl to your mind,
Those surely cannot fail to please.

Tho', alas! now so poor, even glad of a crumb,
And, like other poets, quite shabby,
You may live gay in life, and, when death calls you home,
Fill a corner in Westminster Abbey.

While round your sad shrine, clad in surplice so white,
A train of sage scholars join chorus,
Of a classical ode, that with judgment they'll cite,
A sweet little tit-bit from Horace.

And when thou art gone, the loud trumpet of fame
Shall tell the four corners of earth,
Of thy wonderful genius, and ne'er dying name,
Thy death, education, and birth.

Then no longer repine, or more heave thy breast,
Since, if fate governs all things below;
If you are to be poor, or of riches possess'd,
It must be, nor can you say no.

Finsbury, March 11, 1809. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

SONNET.

LOUD howls the blast along the low'ring sky,
And hoarsely to the beach the white surge raves,
While, grimly seated on the boist'rous waves,
Wide o'er the echoing seas the whirlwind flies;
Death 'midst the troubled scene majestic walks,
And as beneath the lightning's vivid gleam,
Round yon wreck'd vessel hov'ring sea-birds scream,
Full in the Sailor's view pale terror stalks,
No hopes for him remain; with tortur'd soul
He clings, all cheerless to the slipp'ry shroud,
Whilst round him billows, turbulent and loud,
With unabated rage remorseless roll;
And as he frantic views the yawning deeps,
Swift o'er his shatter'd bark the whelming tempest sweeps.

SONNET,

On Reading a Passage in the Novel of "The Children of the Abbey."

HUSH'D be creation round, Amanda sleeps,
And calm'd for one short moment are her fears;
Night's sable curtain o'er her eyelids creeps,
And kindly checks the wretched mourner's tears.

Tho' rough the couch that bears thy lovely form,
Long, long by sorrow's iron hand oppress'd,
Repose awhile shall lull the bitter storm,
And soothe the anguish of thy tortur'd breast.

And while, by busy fancy's fairy throng,
Thy gentle spirit's borne to Tudor grove,
Gay hope shall warble forth her sweetest song,
And lead thee back to Mortimer and love;
To scenes where oft 'neath ev'ning's twilight shade,
Warm from the lips of truth, love's purest vows were paid.

PROSPERO.

SONNET.

M Y dearest niece, O let me thee advise,
A way from folly's paths to turn thine eyes,
R eserv'd, discreet, and modest, shouldst thou be,
G enerous, not mean, from affectation free;
A void extremes, to passion give not way,
R estrain thy will, to others give the sway,
E ver to virtuous deeds be thou inclin'd,
T hen shall thy portion be, blest peace of mind.

F orsake the proud, to flattery come not near;
O seek thy Maker, and his name revere:
S eek wisdom in thy youth, and thou'lt succeed;
T ake care, with caution on thy way proceed;
E ver sincere, let truth still be thy guide,
R eason thy shield, integrity thy pride.

Glasgow. JOHN CARNEGIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR Apollonian Wreath was made up before the receipt of Oscar's last communication; his favours are very acceptable, but we must request him to observe, that we can never insert any article of length unless it comes to hand very early in the month.

We have not room in our present number for all the favours of Amandus; some are intended for our next.

"A Constant Reader" shall be admitted as soon as possible. We think the article concerning the Theatres would be more extensively useful if sent to the newspapers.

Damon and Lucinda was unavoidably omitted last month.

Various other favours are received, which we have not room severally to acknowledge.

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

Mackenzie sc

Duchess of Cumberland.

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